Mike Gets Banned from the 15 Year Reunion by BCI603

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Mike Gets Banned from the 15 Year Reunion

October 1999

"Why did I agree to this?" Mike grumbled as he attempted to tie his tie.

"Because I want to go and you love me." El replied, walking over in a knee length purple dress that showed off her belly. He sighed and gave her a small smile.

"I love you, El, a lot, but I really don't want to go to this." She patted his chest after finishing with his tie.

"Tough. Benny!" She called, walking out into the hall. Mike sighed, grabbing her purse for her. "C'mon baby, we gotta take you to grandma and grandpas!"

"Coming mama!" Their four year old son said, running out of his room at full speed, attempting to pass them, but Mike snatched him up real quick.

"Hey, you little turd, what'd I say about running in the house?" He asked, setting him on his hip. Benny giggled a little and bit at his thumb nail, looking back at his mother.

"Not to do it." He said sweetly.

"Don't wanna get hurt, do you, Sweetie?" El asked, brushing a curl out of his face. He shook his head.

"No mama. Sorry daddy."

"It's okay little man." Mike ruffled his hair and handed El her purse. "Ready to go?" He asked, eyeing his lack of shoes. Benny nodded. "No you're not, where are your shoes!" He reached down and tickled his feet and Benny squirmed, trying to get away. He took him back to his bedroom while El grinned and went downstairs. Five minutes later, the two joined her and they left, dropping Benny off at the Wheeler's house.

"How much you wanna bet Mike will punch someone and be banned from the fifteen year reunion?" Dustin asked, sipping his punch. Max snorted.

"I'm not betting because I know you're right." She looked at Lucas, who nodded in agreement.

"Oh c'mon, Dusty, give your friend a break." Lizzie said, patting her husbands shoulder. "He just wants to protect the people he loved." She giggled at the face Dustin made.

"Where's Will and Jen?" Lucas asked. They shrugged. The couple had disappeared without them realizing it.

"Making out in the hallway." El said, appearing out of seemingly thin air with an uninterested Mike next to her.

"Who pissed in your cereal this morning, Wheeler?" Max asked.

"The thought of seeing all the people I hate in one room." He deadpanned and she snorted.

"I feel you. I only came because Lucas wanted to come."

"Same." He gestured to El, who rolled her eyes.

"Mike, we're literally just gonna stay in the corner like we used to do in high school and silently judge everyone." She told him. He snorted.

"And Mike may or not end up punching someone- like he used to do." Mike flipped Dustin off and he snickered.

"That, and we're gonna count out all the alcoholics here." Max added and Mike snorted.

"I saw at least six already, walking in." He said, sitting down beside her, El sitting next to him. "So, how's pregnancy treating you?" He cocked an eyebrow at her and she flipped him off.

"Babies are great and all, but this shit is for the birds." She retorted. "I love my kids- but this is the last one. Do you hear me, Lucas?" She poked him hard in the side.

"Ow, what?"

"This is our last one. I'm tired of everything hurting." Lucas snorted.

"Okay, babe."

A few minutes later, a red faced Will and a giggling Jennifer arrived back at their table.

"I don't even wanna know." El said, shaking her head.

"They were probably in the process of making another kid but El's gagging interrupted them so I'm no too sure now." Mike said, snickering at the look on Will's face.

"You might be my best friend but I hate you." Will grumbled. Mike grinned.

"Nice to see you too, William." Will flipped him off.

"Why is everyone flipping each other off so much?" Lizzie asked. "I haven't seen this many birds since Max and Lucas' wedding."

"Mom nearly had an aneurysm." Lucas laughed. "Middle fingers were up everywhere she looked and she wouldn't let me forget it for months."

"You started it." El said, shrugging.

"No, Max did, if I remember correctly." Mike said. "She flipped me off while walking down the aisle." Max snorted.

"Ah, that was a good day."

"I hate literally everyone here except for you guys and the old stoners." Mike said as he and El danced. She snorted, smacking his chest. There was a slow song playing and majority of the couples in the room- minus Max and Lucas- were dancing.

"Mike, I love you, but you complain more than your son." He snickered. "That child has busted his knee open- needing stitches- and

didn't complain at all about it hurting and could get up and go- but *you* on the other hand." She gave him a pointed look and he grinned cheekily. "You burn your hand and can't move it for a week." She deadpanned. He laughed, throwing his head back.

"Hey, mom said that I'm like Nancy. If she got a paper cut on her finger she made them carry her- for what reason? I don't know."

"Oh so you're just a family of over dramatic whiners?" She asked, tilting her head slightly.

"Pretty much, yeah." He snorted.

"Hm, I wish I knew this before I married you-"

"Hey! You love me." He pouted and she smiled.

"That I do." She stood on her tiptoes and pecked him on the lips.

"Damn, Hopper, looks like you've gained some *unnecessary* weight." A voice Mike had *definitely not* been looking forward to, said.

"Excuse me?" She asked, turning on her heel Mike's hands still on her waist. Troy smirked. "I'm *pregnant* you dickwad."

"I'm surprised you're still with him, Hopper. Especially to *fuck* him. After two seconds I get tired of looking at him."

"Troy, we're almost thirty- what the fuck kind of thirty year old still acts like a middle and high school bully." Mike snapped.

"It is a high school reunion after all, Wheeler."

"That's not the point, dumbass." El rolled her eyes and turned to Mike, just enough for Troy to get a good look at her chest. "Let's go, Mike-"

"Nice tits." Troy said with a smug grin.

"The *fuck* did you just say?" Mike asked, surprisingly calm.

"You heard me." He replied with a shrug. His eyes moved lower and

added, "Gotta nice ass, too, huh? The kid must've-" Mike let El go, and before she had a chance to stop him, he punched Troy right in the nose before he could continue.

"You disgusting perverted piece of shit." Mike spat, pushing Troy away from them as he held his nose.

"You broke my nose!" He wailed. "Again!"

"You deserved it." El hissed. "Big ass baby." She took Mike by the arm and dragged him away.

"Mike punched Troy, didn't he?" Dustin asked as the couple reached the table. El grabbed Mike's jacked and threw it at him, picking up her purse.

"He did, for good reason, too." She huffed.

"What'd he say?" Max asked, standing up.

"He said she had nice boobs and an ass. And basically called our child *unnecessary weight*." Mike grumbled, putting his jacket on.

"He did *not*." She hissed, wide eyed, looking at El. She nodded. Max turned on her heel and walked in the direction they just came from.

"What- Max, no!" Lucas called, grabbing her and pulling her back.

"That fucker is not about to call my niece that. Or insult her like that."

"I already broke his nose, Max." Mike waved her off with a sigh, running a hand through his hair. "Don't worry about it."

"Oh I'm gonna worry about it." She sat back down and crossed her arms.

"We're gonna head out, pick Benny up." El said, putting her arm around Mike's.

"Be careful, guys. I'll be sure to tell you every interesting thing that happens tonight." Dustin wiggled his eyebrows and they rolled their

eyes, laughing.

"Okay, Dustin." Mike said. "Love you guys, be careful getting home." The couple left, not a word said between them until they got in the car.

"Am I fat?" El asked. He looked at her, brows furrowed.

"What? El no, you're not fat. You're pregnant. Don't pay any attention to what that shithead said." He said, taking her hand. "Everything he's said and done tonight is irrelevant." She nodded, giving him a smile. She leaned over and kissed him for a few seconds, before pulling back.

"Let's go, I miss my baby." He chuckled and nodded. A few minutes later, he glanced over at her, and she had a weird look on her face.

"What is it?" He asked. She looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"So I don't have nice boobs and a nice ass?" He choked on his own spit and she cackled.

Five years later, they didn't get an invite to the high school reunion- but that was okay, because they didn't have to see snobby faces or deal with Troy- so they stayed home with their little loves, enjoying every minute of it.